

Under Fire

By RICHARD PARKER

Based on the drama of
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SYNOPSIS.

George Wagstaff, daughter of Sir George, of the British admiralty, hints at a liaison between her governess, Ethel Willoughby, and Henry Streetman, Ethel's brother. Henry Streetman calls on Ethel and while waiting for her talks to Brewster, Sir George's butler, who is a German spy, about his failure to get at admiralty papers in Sir George's possession. He phones to German secret service headquarters. Streetman, the German spy, and Roeder (alias Brewster, the butler) are discussing the possibility of war. When Ethel appears he tries to force her to get from Sir George knowledge of the sailing orders to the British fleet. Though she believes him a French instead of a German spy, she refuses until he threatens her. She begs him to announce their secret marriage, as George is suspicious, but he puts her off. At tea George and her lover, Guy Falconer, tease Sir George, and Streetman makes an awkward attempt to talk politics. Streetman, the German spy, Sir George Wagstaff, British naval official, Ethel Willoughby, secret wife of Streetman, and others are having tea at the Wagstaff home. The party is discussing a play. Charlie Brown, newspaper man of New York, entertains the tea party with his views on the threatened war in Europe.

If you recall your history lessons, you'll remember the hard time the North had to get enough soldiers during the Civil war, and how finally conscription was adopted. You know, too, that the English have had to use conscription to get enough men in the present conflict. Patriotism is a queer thing with most of us. We wave flags and enjoy Fourth of July oratory, but many of us are inclined to shy at real sacrifice. An interesting discussion of the subject comes up in this installment.

An English tea party at the home of Sir George Wagstaff of the British admiralty, includes Charlie Brown, American newspaper reporter, and Streetman, a German spy. The group is discussing a possible European war.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"You do talk like a German," he told Streetman after he had blown out a cloud of smoke.

"That is a matter of opinion," the other replied stiffly.

"Yes, I think he talks like a German, too," George Wagstaff chimed in. "But as we know he isn't one, does it really matter? . . . Go on, gentlemen! Argue!" Sir George's daughter was having the time of her young life.

"Here's one thing I'd like to know," Guy put in—"where on earth is all the blooming money to come from?"

"My dear boy, there's nothing so elastic as national credit," his friend from the States replied with a calm assurance that came partly from the speaker's having, at one time in his career, conducted the financial page for his newspaper. "Why, down in that two-by-four affair in Mexico, one of their week-end presidents ran out of money; so he issued an order for fifty thousand dollars, stuck a gun in the other gentleman's chest, and said, 'That is worth fifty thousand dollars'—and it was."

Mrs. Falconer felt that it was hardly proper that the men should monopolize all the conversation.

"I can't believe there will really be a war—a great war," she announced. "Think what it would mean—absolute barbarism! And this is the twentieth century."

"It would put us back a hundred years," Sir George declared wearily. He both realized and dreaded the horrors that he knew must inevitably attend such a titanic struggle as seemed imminent.

"It's too horrible to think of," Ethel Willoughby exclaimed with something approaching a shudder. "It doesn't seem real that we're sitting here quite calmly talking over even the possibility of such a thing."

"And this won't be a war like other wars," the American pointed out. "There'll be no personal heroes—no charges up San Juan hill—no hands playing or flags flying. It's going to be a cold, deadly thing of mathematics and mobilizations, of big guns and submarines, of aeroplanes and ammunition, of millions of little mites called men, who will be only little, unimportant cogs in the big machine. It's going to be brutal, cruel, barbarous murder, conducted on the most modern scientific basis."

"And afterwards what'll we do for men?" George Wagstaff inquired thoughtfully, as if the death of males that threatened the world were a calamity almost too great to face. "Not that I really care so much about that personally," she added, with an insinuating glance at Guy Falconer, who always dogged her footsteps, "for men bore me."

"Thanks!" Guy remarked. If George had a fault (a possibility) he was seldom willing to admit, even to himself, he felt that it consisted of a caustic tongue. And occasionally the thought

of living with her, facing her across the breakfast table, for instance, put a vague fear into him. Up to the present time, however, he had always succeeded in ridding himself of such misgivings.

"And who do you think is going to win, Mr. Brown?" Sir George put the question abruptly. He, as well as Streetman, perceived that their somewhat bizarre guest from the other side of the Atlantic had gathered unto himself a surprising fund of information during his short stay in their midst.

Before, Charlie Brown could reply, the spy Streetman threw himself into the conversational gap.

"I'm sure from what Mr. Brown has said he agrees with me that the Germans have the best chance," he interposed.

Mr. Brown himself merely smiled at the interruption. He may have thought Streetman a cad—a lobster, he would probably have termed him. But whatever his feelings might have been, he concealed them admirably.

"Well, I'll tell you—" he said, as he turned his back squarely upon Streetman and faced Sir George. "When I was drinking Munich beer, I was rather pro-German. But now that I'm switched to tea, I've sort of swung over to the allies."

A burst of laughter, punctuated with cries of "Bravo!" greeted the answer.

Turning to them all again, "You see," he explained, "I like the English as individuals, and I like a lot of their general ways, too. I admire the easy-going fashion in which they do business. I commend the fact that they won't talk shop over a luncheon. I like their afternoon tea." He smiled at Miss Willoughby as he said that.

"I like the fact that knights and ladies, clerks and shopgirls take their half-hour off for it. I like the way they respect their own laws—when they decide to make one they decide at the same time to keep it. But, collectively, the English irritate me, because they're so blamed sure they're a little bit superior to all the rest of the world. That's annoying, personally, but I can and I do admire it as a great racial quality that's made 'em win out a thousand times. If England goes to war, it'll take the English about a year before they realize they have a war—they really are slow, you know—but once they wake up to it they'll raise the deuce, and I think they'll win."

Sage noddings of various heads and the exchange of approving glances on the part of the members of the little party—or of all but Henry Streetman—set a seal of appreciation upon Charlie Brown's views.

"Please God, you're right!" Sir George Wagstaff cried fervently, with a show of emotion that was, for him, most unusual.

"Please God, he is!" Mrs. Falconer agreed.

"I do hope so! The Germans are so aggressive!" Ethel Willoughby observed.

"And so rude!" George added. She could not forget—much less forgive—having been shouldered off a sidewalk in Berlin by the Kaiser's haughty officers.

"Ah! But I fancy that pride in one's country is a universal trait in every nation," her more moderate father said. "Exactly! And as Mr. Brown has pointed out, we English have a tendency to be somewhat superior also." As he spoke, Streetman rose. He was becoming restless under the galling of that one-sided discussion of the merits of the nations.

"Well, I hope there isn't any war!" Guy Falconer said fervently. "If there is, you can bet your boots I'm not going near it."

"Guy!" Sir George turned upon him with incredulity writ large upon his fine face.

"Oh, I mean it, Sir George," Guy insisted shamelessly. "If it comes to war, this will be a war of millions. If there are a thousand men killed in a battle or only nine hundred and ninety-nine, what difference does it make except to the thousandth man?"

"None! But if I happened to be he, it'd represent a deuce of a lot to me, and, with my luck, I'd be the first man shot anyhow. . . . No, sir! Military service is not compulsory in England, thank heaven! And if there is a war, I'm going to sit home at my club and discuss very harshly the mistakes of the war office."

Guy's mother regarded him with no less amazement than did Sir George.

"My son—you're not serious?" she exclaimed, scarcely believing what she heard.

"Of course he is!" said George. "I never saw a man who thought as much of his own precious hide—so much more than anyone else thinks of it."

"If you're quite in earnest, Guy, I am positively ashamed of you," Sir George Wagstaff told him. As a man who was high in the councils of his country, Sir George did indeed bear the young man's declaration with something bordering upon alarm, as well as mere disapproval. If other English youths should take the same attitude as Guy's, he foresaw endless trouble for the recruiting stations.

"If I were shot," Guy retorted, "I suppose the fact that I could say, 'Now, Sir George is not ashamed of me,' would ease the pain a bit? . . . No, thank you! I tell you, if worse comes to worst, I shall sail for Cuba."

At that his mother approached him much as she must have when as a small boy he had been guilty of naughtiness. She thought it high time to assert her authority.

"Guy," she said, "I forbid you to talk like that."

"Oh, now, mother—" he remonstrated.

"I think he's spooning," Charlie Brown told them, as quick to adopt a

new word as he was to detect signs of shamming on Guy's part. "If war comes, I bet he'll go to the front. He's like the rest of you English—half ashamed to say what he really feels."

The embarrassed Guy faced him sheepishly.

"Oh, I say—that's all swank!" he remonstrated.

"Swank? That's a good word!" Charlie Brown exclaimed. "I'm going to take that back to America, too."

And then, returning to the subject of their conversation, who was manifestly ill at ease, Mr. Brown continued, "Once you do touch Guy on the raw of his patriotism he'd go through and go through big."

"I think Mr. Brown is right," Streetman declared. "It was only two months ago at the Ritz in Paris that I met a young English officer. We got to chatting. He seemed very down in the month—some trouble over a girl; he'd been flied, or hadn't enough money to propose, or she'd married someone else—usual sort of thing, so I paid no attention to the incident. But one night, walking along the Champs Elysees, a man ahead of me suddenly turned aside behind one of the trees. Silhouetted against the moonlight I saw his hand go to his pocket, as if to draw a revolver. I ran up to him, and seized the pistol. . . . It was my young English friend. I dare say the moon had gone to his head. He was quite desperate—really started to struggle with me at first. We stood there for an hour talking. I'd taken quite a fancy to him. It seemed such a waste of good material for him to kill himself; but he was quite firm. Finally, I appealed to him as an English officer in his majesty's service. Some day his country might need him—I told him—and he wouldn't be there, because he was a coward—a traitor. . . . That hit him. I pressed the point. And eventually he gave me his word."

They had all listened eagerly to Streetman's vivid recital.

"Did he keep his word?" Ethel asked.

"I don't know! I've never seen him since; but he's the sort of man who would. I merely mention the incident to show that when nothing else counted, his country did. And most men are like that," Streetman added, as he patted Guy Falconer on the back.

Somehow, Guy resented the familiarity. But he merely moved away. So far as he knew, Streetman was a decent enough chap. But he did not relish being patronized by him.

All at once Sir George Wagstaff noticed for the first time that the afternoon light was fast fading. Looking at his watch, he rose hastily.

"By Jove!" he said, "I'd no idea it was so late. I shall have to be getting back to the admiralty."

"I must be leaving, too," Streetman announced.

"So must I," said Charlie Brown. "Good-by, Miss Willoughby!"

"Oh, don't you hurry off, too!" Ethel protested. "Stay and have one more cup of tea!" In some inexplicable way

she felt drawn toward the outspoken American. And she could not avoid the impression that they were destined to know each other better.

"I can't resist you," he said, yielding at once to her cordial urging. And he accepted another cup of tea.

Sir George and Streetman were already at the door when Charlie Brown called after the older man:

"If there's any news of your fleet for publication, Sir George, you'll let me know!"

"Surely, surely!" came the good-natured answer. And with that Sir George left them, accompanied by Streetman, to whom he offered a lift in his car.

CHAPTER VII.

Redmond of the Irish Guards.

Charlie Brown had thanked his friend of the British admiralty. And now he said to those who still lingered there in Miss Willoughby's sitting room—

"You know, I think there is going to be news—and mighty soon. You listen to me."

"We have been listening with great pleasure," Mrs. Falconer informed him. "But now we must go."

He sprang to his feet.

"That is a bit of a hint," he exclaimed, albeit with entire good humor. "But don't forget I told you I loved to talk!"

"You'll come again?" Ethel asked him.

"I shall have to be getting back to the admiralty."

What do you think will come out of this meeting between Redmond and his old sweetheart Ethel Willoughby? Is it likely that the girl will tell him the truth at once?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bringing Up Father.

"We dined out last evening. Pa disagreed us as usual."

"How was that?"

"He got to the end of the dinner with three forks and two spoons still unused."—Boston Evening Transcript.

By Degrees.

"My dear, isn't that dress a trifle extreme?"

She—Extreme! Why I put this on in order that you may become accustomed to the one I am having made—

Judge.

NEW BEAUTY SPOT HAS BEEN FOUND

RIP VAN WINKLE CAVE HAS BEEN
EXPLORED AND PROVES A
"WONDER SPOT."

PLANS TO DEVELOP RESORT

Imposing Passages, Hundred Foot
Walls Resembling Solid Masonry,
Great Cataracts, and Wild
Noises Are Impressive.

Cookeville.—A few days ago hunters discovered a wonderful cave about 20 miles west of this city. This cave, the wonder and beauty of which was never revealed to man, unless possibly the primitive red man, is near the beautiful Caney Fork river, and only a short distance from Sebowisha, the Tennessee Central resort. This cave will probably be known as the Rip Van Winkle cave, "long lost but now explored." To describe it is impossible.

From the river the cave is approached for 150 feet along a narrow defile, then through a narrow passage of 170 feet called "The Fat Man's Misery." Walls resembling solid masonry and reaching to the height of 100 feet are here found and through narrow passages into other and larger and still larger chambers or auditoriums until the visitor is impressed beyond description. Already the Hall of Fame, the Tunnel, the Crystallized Cataract, the Capitol Dome, the Bridal Veil, the Bridge of Sighs, the Wedding Bells and other apartments have been appropriately christened.

This cave will be open every Sunday for the pleasure of visitors from a distance who will be conducted through it by a competent guide.

MUSCLE SHOALS DATA.

Committee Preparing Claims For Government Nitrate Plant.

Nashville.—The work of preparing the data to be presented to the president and secretary of war regarding the claims of Muscle Shoals to the \$20,000,000 government nitrate plant is being vigorously pushed by the Muscle Shoals committee of the Nashville section of the Engineering Association of the South.

W. G. Waldo, executive secretary, describes what has been done thus far in the work, which has proven to be a task of considerable magnitude. All of the comparisons relating to the power available at Muscle Shoals, the materials produced in the surrounding district and the need for fertilizer in this section, also other subjects, with those in other sections, show that the Tennessee river site has a big advantage over all its competitors.

WILL SHUT UP TOWN.

All Stores, Offices and Factories Are To Close On Sept. 20.

Morristown.—As a feature of the home-coming celebration, Morristown will suspend business on Wednesday, Sept. 20, all stores, offices and factories will close at noon and "Morristown Day" will be observed with a half-holiday at the fair grounds.

CENTRAL BAPTIST MEET.

Three-Day Session Scheduled at Trezevant, Beginning Sept. 12.

Trezevant.—Plans are being made by the congregation of the Baptist Church at this place for the entertainment of the eighth annual session of the Central Baptist Association.

Form Improvement Society.

Savannah.—A Town Improvement Association has been organized here with the following officers: S. M. Watson, president; A. M. Patterson, vice president; L. L. Harbert, secretary; C. O. Walker, treasurer. The organization was made at the suggestion of the Rev. Kyle Brooks of Lexington, Ky., who has been conducting a revival here for the past three weeks at the Christian church.

Baptists in Session.

Lexington.—Unity Baptist Association, composed of 45 churches, is in session at Friendship Church, near Luray, this county, presided over by Hon. J. W. Stewart of Henderson as moderator and J. R. Sweeton of Bollivar, clerk. Large crowds are in daily attendance.

Burglars Needed a Shave.

Milan.—Thieves broke into C. A. Lacy's department store and carried away a lot of razors and pocket knives, also prying into the cash register and securing a small amount of money.

For Town Improvement.

Savannah.—At a mass meeting of the people a Town Improvement Association was organized by the election of the following officers: S. M. Watson, president; A. M. Patterson, vice president; L. L. Harbert, secretary; C. O. Walker, treasurer.

New Engineering Professor.

Knoxville.—Prof. W. R. Woolrich, a Wisconsin University man, has been secured as assistant professor of mechanical engineering at the University of Tennessee.

SHOOTS WIFE AND SUICIDES

Tennessee Farmer, Crazy By Domestic Troubles, Kills His Wife and Self.

Nashville, Tenn.—Odie Floyd, farmer, living near Mount Juliet, Wilson county, fired a bullet into the head of his wife. Mrs. Kate Craig Floyd, and then turned the gun on himself, sending a shot into his breast. Failing to bring death with this shot, Floyd then placed the gun in his mouth and fired, the bullet ranging backward and breaking his spinal column, death resulting a few moments thereafter.

Mrs. Floyd lived several hours, but never regained consciousness sufficient to make a statement as to the cause of the tragedy. However, neighbors believe that it came as a result of a family quarrel, as several differences have arisen between the couple during their married life of two years.

Mule Colts Blockade Streets.

Columbia, Tenn.—Annual mule colt day, the first Monday in September, found a greater number of mules and people in Columbia than have been in this city in many months. Probably five thousand country people crowded the streets from early morning until dusk.

The mule market was brisk with high prices ruling. The market for mule colts was especially good, owners asking as high as \$100 for the little fellows. Several sales of \$100 were made. War mules brought from \$100 to \$140; good mules, from \$160 to \$225.

Noted Blind Evangelist Dies.

Nashville, Tenn.—Joe Ramsey, evangelist, better known to thousands over the south as "Blind Joe" Ramsey, died at the home of his aged father, Charles Ramsey, near Viola, Tenn. Although he had lost his eyesight at the age of 14, he persisted and won recognition throughout the religious world as one of the south's ablest evangelists.

Auto Looped the Loop.

Memphis, Tenn.—Three persons were injured, one perhaps fatally, when a swiftly moving touring car hit a "dead" automobile standing in the Rayburn boulevard subway, looped the loop in the air and turned turtle, pinning the occupants under the wreckage.

Child Drowns in Well.

Greenville, Tenn.—While little Glenna Dun, aged 9, was engaged in washing her doll clothes, preparing to packing them for moving, she fell in a cistern at the residence at Afton, near here.

It is believed that she fell in the well, while attempting to draw water.

Farmer Hangs Himself.

Huntington, Tenn.—Fearing that his old age was making him a burden upon his family and relatives, John Crider, aged 73, hanged himself to a small tree. His body was found by members of his family in a sitting posture because of the lowness of the tree to which he had hanged himself.

Anti-Narcotic Law Invoked.

Nashville, Tenn.—Dr. J. A. D. Hite, who conducts a sanitarium to cure persons of the liquor and drug habit, was bound over to Federal court under \$2,000 bond by Commissioner Harry Luck, charged with violating the Federal anti-narcotic law.

Packing Plant Burns.

Chattanooga, Tenn.—The plant of J. H. Allison & Co., meat packers, was partially destroyed by fire caused by grease dripping from meat in the smoke room. The loss will run up to over \$50,000, fully covered by insurance.

Aviator Injured at Fair.

Chattanooga, Tenn.—Clifton Cook, Chattanooga aviator, was seriously shaken up and bruised when, in alighting from a flight at the South Pittsburgh fair, his biplane became unmanageable, and crashed against a fence.

Prominent Physician Dies.

Whiteville, Tenn.—Dr. J. R. Nelson died at his home near Eureka, after a long illness. Dr. Nelson was one of the most prominent doctors in West Tennessee and ranked high in medical circles all over the state.

Surprise Aged Man.

Sevierville, Tenn.—At the home of H. C. Butler, the children and grandchildren of Henry Butler entertained one hundred guests, to celebrate the ninetieth birthday of Mr. Butler, with a surprise dinner, served on the lawn.

Tennessee Land In Demand.

Lynchburg, Tenn.—The largest land sale ever made in Moore county occurred when the splendid blue grass farm of Spoon Mathew, located about one mile from Lynchburg, sold for \$30,000.

Modern School Building.

Newbern.—The Newbern high school opened its first session in its new \$30,000 building. Newbern has been in need of a school building for a good many years, but now the town possesses a modern equipped building.

Pelle Near.

Bristol, Tenn.—Dr. W. H. Tester, of Washington county, Va., reports a case of infantile paralysis at a farm home near Bristol. The case is said to be a mild one, yet well defined. The child is believed to have contracted the disease while visiting in Virginia.